Not tough, leathery, pale, dyspeptic pie crust, made with hog lard, but crisp, brown, flaky Pie, made from sweet, healthful, digestible

with Cottolene is anti-dyspept and cly be eat in by the most de cate persons.

4 REVSONS
1st. Cottologies the purest
of all cooking his, and reded by all expecomme

2d. Cott lene is the heal est of all cooking fats, and recommended by all eminent physicians.

rienced cooks and b

3d. Cottolene costs no more per pound than lard, and much less than butter, and is better than either for all cooking.

4th. One pound of Cottolene is equal in shortening to two pounds of lard or butter, so half the money is saved.

N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.



SEWANEE, TENN., August 30, 1887.

K. Hawkes: Sin-I have been using your glasses for the greater part of two years. Am much impressed with their superiority, and take pleasure in rommending them for long use and perfect light, when that is possible. Respectfully, shop Episcopal Church and Chanceller Un

These fine classes have been said through his section for the past quarter of a consury, they have been inuse daily and have been compastically preised by hundreds of the best are of the constry. Hundreds of this ands have been in the constry. Hundreds of this ands have been in the mand the demand ethi in reases. All eyes nited at the THINTY DRUG STORE CO., DALLAS —AND BY—

J. P. NICKS & Co. FORT WORTH. A. K. HAWKES, Manufacturing Optician

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sire results of excellent, sold loss, worry, etc. Full strongth development, and tone given to every grant and portion of sine body. Simple, natural methods. Impredista improvement seen, Failtre timedistible. John references. Bods. exglanations and proofs maked one dealth free. Address ERIS midDICAL CO., BUFFALC M. V. Mention the Fort Worth Com-

EWART DETACHABLE LINK A BELTING. Now the Cheapest. PRICE LIST REDUCED to belief, other uncelaities for Ferutors, Consequent to landing any majorial in bulk offset. But Mage 1986, car Co. Chicago, Stock car ARDLE 4. SHULAIR, Auts. New Orleans,











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## BAB'S MERRY PEN.

The Autumn Air Sets it Chattering Most Brightly.

OF THE WOMEN OF NEW YORK,

at the Bar-What Will Keep Men Home?-Men Can't Bow Gracefully-How We Bow.

Copyright, 1891, by the Bok Syndicate Press,

New York, Sept. 20.—The city is getting full again, and, to be a little bit slangy, a good many of the people are so giad they are back that they are getting full, too; at least I have never seen so many gentlemen who had evidently been seeing a friend, as now pervade the streets of New York.

WOMAN'S IDEA OF DRINKING.

Personally, I never could imagine what
there was in standing up at a bar and firing a drink down your throat, as if there were so much to go in during your lifetime, and that you had to hurry and get it in, or else you would be left. I can see a deal of good-fellowship in sitting down at a table and talking about Kitty and the children, and stocks, and how cotton is this year, and who is the

and how cotten is this year, and who is the prettiest girl in town, and during that time sipping at a long drink; but a short drink, aimed direct at the throat of masculinity, as coolly as coal at a hole, I cannot understand. Some people say that men don't sit down and talk about Kitty and the babies, and that kind of thing. Well, maybe they don't: but whatever they do, it looks more sociable than the barroom way.

WHAT WILL KEEP MEN HOME. WHAT WILL KEEP MEN HOME.

You know I have a special fad on this subject, and when I get to ventilating it the family usually leave the house, while the dog whines. Not that they don't believe in it, for they fully agree with me about it, but it has got to be an old story with them. When home is made pleasant, women wear decent-fitting clothes, proper drinks are given to them with their dinners or their suppers, then the men won't go to bar-rooms to hunt for them. I consider that concentrated wisdom, tied, not with a blue ribbon or white ribbon, but with red, white and blue, which is much more patriotic and

MEN CAN'T BOW GRACEFULLY. MEN CAN'T HOW GRACEFULLY.

Another thing you notice as people come home, is the queer way in which everybody bows to everybody. The average man has about as much knowledge of what constitutes a graceful bow as a gentlemanly Thomas cat. His conception of the part is to walk forward give a sort of swip to his to walk forward, give a sort of swirl to hi body, grasp his hat off his head and but it back with great rapidity. That the man takes off his hat and the Thomas cat doesn't is probably due to the fact that the man has a hat and the gentleman who makes melody for us in the evening hasn't, otherwise their modes of salutation are similar

HOW MEN AND WOMEN BOW.

A woman nine times out of ten bows with smile. She doesn't move her head much. she seems to offer her best smile, ich has been in training all summer, and which has been in training all summer, and which is now at your disposal. A man un-less he happens to wear eyeglasses looks addotic. There is neither smile on his face nor recognition in his eyes. He is a creatnor recognition in his eyes. He is a creature who knows how to conceal his feelings. He may have sworn that you are the only person he ever loved last evening, but you meet him in the morning, and though his boots may glitter, there is not the slightest token of recognition in his face, though he does take off his hat. A very young boy bows as if he was afraid he were doing something wrong; he remembers that his mother told him

HE MUST TAKE OFF HIS HAT when he met Mrs. Jones, and he looks all around to see if anybody is staring at him, jerks it off in a great hurry, and then real-izes nobody is looking, and by that time Mrs. Jones has passed and is prepared to tell his mother what a very rude boy he is. In time de will get over this. An old man bows as he was taught to in his youth. He sweeps the air with his hat, and in a low tone, you hear, "Good morning madam!" He doesn't know they pronounce good form out of fashion. Dear old heart! It's a pity there's not more like him who would real-ize that the way to make ladies is to behave

like gentlemen to them. YOUNG HEADS ON OLD SHOPLDERS Isn't it Hamlet or some of the people in ie bible or Shakespeare who concludes the bible or Shakespeare who concludes that all the world is mad, or something to that effect? Well, if all the world's not mad, at least the greater part of the old women in it are. They have taken, taken violettly, to the use of enamel and rouge. They have taken with an intensity that is putful, to the wearing of sailor hats, and they are too gurgly-giggly for anything in the world. There are three who ride in the park here every day, end they have been riding there for several years. None of them is under seventy; each of them must use a box of rouge and a lot of white liquid on her face every day. One of them in-clines to a vivid green brocade, with black; mother wears a shrimp pink with black lace on it; while the third indulges in a black and white brocade with a white straw sailor hat I used to believe in the survival of the fittest. That doesn't prove it. Why are not these women taken out of the world, to which they no ornament, and where they never would be missed if they

went to Africa with Stanley. HAVE THEY NO KIND-HEARTED FRIENDS to tell them how they look? I am not sev-enty, but I have never found that I lacked friends kind enough to tell me of my mis-doings and my general human nature, but these old ladies don't seem to be rich in friends of that sort. It's a pity, isn't it? Indeed, to do a little gossip, there's a young woman here in the city who says she gets a diamond every time she tells the shrimp and black old woman how young-looking she is. I think there's more money made by flattery than anything else in this world, and with the average wo, an the thicker you lay it on the better she is satisfied.

THE FASHIONABLE COLOR THIS WINTER. THE FASHIONABLE COLOR THIS WINTER.
What are you going to wear this winter?
You ough to appear in black. That has the cachet given it by the great French dressmaker who only two years ago said nobody under sixty should wear black, but who has changed his mind now, and thinks that he can make a blande or even brunette, look as can make a blonde or even brunette, look as marvelously lovely in black as in any other shade. It is true that he wants glistening tones for the brunette-satin and silk that is atmost as bright and which is heavily corded—while for the blondo he wants soft, clinging crepe cloths, cashmeres, henriettas and occasionally dull silk and all the beautiful, clinging stuffs that are developed in black. It is said that one of the prettiest women in New York will this season will this season devote herself exclusively to this season devote hersen earlier to the wearing of black and white-white be-ing for the evening and black for the day time. She knows that her house gown will time. She knows that her house gown will permit her wearing a great yellow topaz, that will glow and glisten like a sun on her bosom. She knows that with her white gown cut low her garnet necklace will make her skin and the gown look whiter, and if there is any fine lace or feathers arranged about the bodice she can stick a pearl here, a diamond there, knowing that it will glisten effectively among her laces

and mystery films. WOMEN WHO LOOK WELL IN BLACK.

Mme. Modjeska looks well in all black; so
does Maude Harrison, Sadie Martinot, and Georgia Cayvan. Mrs. Langtry, with her pure skin and that wonderful burnished brown hair, can, of course, wear black most effectively, and the black lace frock made lace and jet that she wore in "As in a Looking-glass," will be remembered as the ideal gown by women who understand the

art of dress.
THE STYLISH WHITE VEIL. Curiously enough, with the fancy for the black gowns has come the liking for the white thread lace veils. Whether the American will wear them as do her French sisters, may be doubted. But still it may be confessed that the effect is very pictures que. A large black veivet hat bent in hers and there with a few black feathers on it. and there with a few black feathers on it has the veil draped about it, and caught up in the back. It is a veritable veil, having a border extending upon each side, and quite

long enough to go about the largest hat. These veils are shown in imitation and real point, in applique and in black Spanish, and whoever wants to give an extensive favor at a cotillion can select the real lace in this shape and present it to Mademoiselle Rose, Blanche or Lily.

Rose, Blanche or Lily.

MEN AND THEIR TROUSERS.

I was reading an old-fashioned book the other day, and whenever the hero met the heroine he stooped down and kissed her hands. Of course, it is fair to suppose that her hand was immaculate, but we doubt if we could find even if all hands were immaculate a sufficient analysis. we could find even if all hands were immaculate a sufficient number of men to kiss our hands. They would be too dead afraid of creasing their trousers. The soul of the average man is given over to trousers. There is no denying that. He comes to you at an afternoon affair and he is your brother or your cousin, and he says: "How at an afternoon affair and he is your brother or your cousin, and he says: "How do they look!" And you stare at his scarf and pin and you say: "They're lovely! Such a pretty color. I like the emerald so much." And he says, rather gruffly: "What are you talking about! There ain't any emeralds on them." Then you think he means his sleeve links, and you say: "Well, Charley, their pure whiteness is entrancing." And he looks at you for a minute or two, and he says: "Are you color blind! I mean my trousers!" You look as meek as Moses—why should Moses have looked meek!—and you say: "Well, Charley, they fit very nicely. There's such a pretty crinkle in them," and Charley walks away saying women don't know anything about anything. And the smart girl who meets him says to him, in a Priscilla-like manner: "Oh. Mr. Charles, I hope you won't think it horribly immodest in me, but I think the cloth that your trousers are I think the cloth that your trousers are made of is the loveliest I have ever seen," and Charley beams, and is that girl's slave

IT ISN'T WORTH THE WHILE. How can you get anybody your slave for First, by saying the right thing in the

right place.

By ignoring every cross word, every ugly

By ignoring every cross word, every ugly look and every tiresome speech.

By liking what they like.

By thinking what ther think, and by living as they live.

But if you do this won't you be a bit of a slave yourself! That's it, my friend.

The game isn't worth the candle. We want to will out that Americans near shall. The game isn't worth the candle. We want to yell out that Americans never shall be slaves, mingle it with the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise," so that whatever our color or speech may be we are free at least. I hope you are. I know one weman who is and her name is

## CHRONIC MALARIAL

Diseases---Periodical Neuralgia Caused by Malarial Poison.

The Greatest Remedy of the Age for Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, and All of the Irregular Forms of Malarial Diseases.

Extract from a Lecture by Dr. S. B. Hart man, Columbus, Ohio.

Malarial headache (or hemicrania) is a pain extending above the eyebrows around the head, with regular intervals, coming on about 1 or 2 p. m., growing more severe from 4 to 5 p. m., and finally disappears after sundown. It may occur in the morning, olat noon, and in some cases at sunrise, it treasing until noon, gradually disappearing in the afternoon, giving a perfect intervals is of the secondary of the perfect intervals in generally attacks one side of the sec or head, either the temple or above one sye. The regular appearance and disappearance of the neuralgia is precisely the same as in other forms of malarial disease, resenting fregular recurrence and distinct interval of relief. It may also attack a yout repart of the body—face, teeth, shalled, muscles of the chest, etc., etc. Wholever a pain is caused by malaria it has eit are a distinct intermission, as in intermit entirely.

A lady called so see a some time ago who was complaining of a nest excruciating pain of her right knes, which returned at 2 p. m. and continued with green severity till 6 p. m., gradually lessening, enthely cessing at 10 p. m., returning the next day at 2 p. m. This had been going on for two months without cessation. She had been treated with quinine in small and large doses; had cut and blistered the knee; used electricity and many varieties of linierius. pain extending above the eyebrows around the head, with regular intervals, coming ou

cut and blistered the knee; used electricity and many varieties of liniments. It was a typ-ical case of malarial neuralgia of the knee. ical case of malarial neurals as of the knee. I ordered her to take, during the intermission, a wineglassful of Peru-na every two hours until four doses were taken, after which a tablespoonful every hour during the remainder of the intermission, until the time for the next spell has passed. And when the disease stopped a tablespoonful every two hours during the day for ten or fifteen days, or until the cure should be certain to be permanent. This treatment is exactly what I would advise in all of the above-prescribed cases. It will cure every case. Also in all cases of chills and fever or other malarial diseases when there is a or other malarial diseases when there is a distinct intermission. In cases of indistinct malaria, without any positive chill or fever, Pe-ru-na should be taken as directed on the

a complete treatise on Malaria, Chills and Fever and Ague, send for The Family Physician No. 1. Sent free by The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Make a Banana Peel Itself. A trick which works on a simple principle is to make a banana peel itself. To

do this all that is wanted is a bottle, a ripe banana and a bit of paper wet with alcohol. Light the paper and drop it into this bottle. When the air in the bottle is well heated set the banana on end on top and let it do the rest itself; as the air on the inside cools off and contracts the outside pressure pushes the banana down into the bottle until it has drawn itself out of its skin.-St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Young ladies should remember that tetterine cures pineles and a cruptions of the face, neck and a cruptions of quickly and permanently. All druggers, 50 cents. By mail by J. T. Shuptrie & Bro., Savannah, Ga. H. W. Williams & Co.

An Idea for a Penholder. Here is a pretty and new idea for a pen-holder: Take a goose quill, or a chicken feather, if it is large enough, and dip it into a size of a delicate pale lavender. Paint pansies of different shades of purple upon the quill. Take it to a jeweler and have him tip the end with a small silver casing to hold the pen. This makes a pen-holder that is exceedingly odd and one not apt to be duplicated .- New York Ad-

ogg, the men who wrote the Gladinors" and "Regu-th or ains," once so famil-ble oy, is living in Harps-is a lergyman, eighty-one Elliah K "Spartacus t lus to the Cart iar to every schowell, Ma. H is a years old, and even n preaches occasion

A Dream of Happines May be followed by a morning of "La Grippe. Easily, and why! Because the displacement of covering in bed, a neglected draught from a nected with a windy cutry in a hotel, may convey to your postrills and lings the death dealing blast. Ferrific and swift are the in roads made, this new distroyer. The men

(Now First Published.)

## DOLLAROCRACY:

An American Story.

Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck. Copyrighted by Tillotson & Son for THE GAZETTE.

CHAPTER IX .- CAMPAIGNING. None knew the bustle I perceived— Oh! seeing's not believing! —[Haynes Bayly.

Lady Ossulstone's interest in the election now dwarfed even the hitherto paramount financial considerations. There is more of the prize-fighter and horse-racer in the saintliest of us than we care to confess. saintiest of us than we care to confess. Give us a match of any kind, and we will warm up to it as to nothing else in the world but love and gold. This accounts for the hateful acceptance of competition as a necessity, and even a virtue, in the pursuit of happiness. Happier far, and wiser, the contented soul who can smilingly forego the vanity of victory. But in politics it is victory that counts, so that numbers must be massed to win the battle, and prizes must be offered to tempt the numbers. Her ladyship now began to understand the subtle process of testing the bias of the nation's mind. Intellectual tight-rope walking is not much to the multitude's taste. It likes political ballooning better, and a rattling up-and-down set to at fisticuffs best of all. Messrs. Blarnaby, Fotheringh m and Messrs. Blarnaby, Fotheringh m and Blobbe had arranged to give the multitude a free show of all three performances at once. Naturally, Lady Ossulstone, Lady Elsie and Sir John were agog to see the entertainment, as philosophic students of the working of the constitution, and they gladly recentled the performance services of W. Horr.

working of the constitution, and they gladly accepted the proffered services of Mr. Hogg and Mr. Winslow as showmen.

A great mass-meeting was to be held in the National theater, which held about 5000 on such an occasion. The English visitors, with Miss Bennison, Miss Dabchie, Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hogg, occupied one of the best boxes. Eisie was greatly tickled to see the handsome theater hopelessly vulgarized by the magnified caricature portraits of Mr. Blarnaby and his associate and the tawdry colored rags that draggled from every projection.

from every projection.
"Don't the photographers and the papers make your statesmen's features known to the people?" she asked.
"On yes," replied Mr. Winslow, "but it

the people?" she asked.

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Winslow, "but it is the custom of a certain class of hucksters in this country to clap their portraits on the quack nostrums they make their living by, and our politicians are very jealous of their rights under the constitution. Ours is a free country, my lady."
"But, I fear, not so generous in its encouragement of native art as your lavish patronage of foreign productions leads us to suppose." said Lady Ossulstone.

"O," said Genie, "that's going to be civil service reformed, or whatever they call it, right away, for I made Mr. Blarnaby promise me that he will make a law that shall prohibit the hanging of these gigantic frights in future, on penalty of the artists being hanged in their place." Genie was proud of her achievement.

What amused her ladyship most was to see the inflated airs assumed by the fussy persons who strutted about the stage behind huge badges of tinseled ribbon. She little knew the swelling pride caused by those gewgaw advertisement of their wear-

those gewgaw advertisement of their wear ers' importance to the cause.

ers' importance to the cause.

Sir John asked why on earth so many politicians were soldiers, and how the government came to allow armed soldiers to terrorize the gatherings of a free people.

Again Mr. Winslow came to the rescue.

"Those you mistake for soldiers are only youths who like to play at soldiers at election times, as you used to in your nursery days, I guess. They save up their dollars until they can purchase a sham uniform, in which they play at sham marching in the cause of sham patriotism. They are very young. Sir John, in years and wisdom, and are quite harmless, I assure you, except to their ill-used drums."

"But how fearfully rude," remarked Lady Ossulstone, later on, "to come tramping in with their horrid trumpets braying, right in the middle of a gentleman's crosseb." speech."
"My dear Lady Ossulstone," said Mr.

Winslow, "you really must not judge a free and independent democracy by the standard of an effete feudal aristocracy's manners."

The rebuke was unanswerable.

The parading clubs made a grand show as they streamed into and flooded the theater. It must have been a beautiful sight in the streets. The party organ did the pa-rade justice next morning. It described it rade justice next morning. It describes it in picturesque style, but we are only interested to quote its estimate of the numbers who came forth to demonstrate their enthusiastic choice of the candidate who had been chosen for them by the convention that had to accept the choice of the caucus chosen by the candidate. This is the parameters of the caucus chosen by the candidate.

chosen by the candidate. This is the paragraph:

"To attempt any description of the surging masses that filled the avenues would be to leave no space in our thirty-two pages for other matters. Suffice it to say that we posted a corps of specially-drilled reporters at every corner on the route. They were instructed to count all who marched in parade, all who stood on the sidewalks, and as many as practicable who entered and left the saloons. Another specially-trained counting corps made a record of the thousands of mrn and women who adorned the windows and cornices, and the myriads of windows and cornices, and the myriads of windows and cornices, and the myriads of boys and girls who gloriously asserted the rights of Young America to see and be seen, not omitting the imps on the street lamp-posts. These reports, being duly verified and attested by solemn affidavit in our of-fice, prove that the spectators were liter-ally innumerable, and as the procession two and the whole of one-half hours to pass a given point, it shows that if only ten per-sons marched abreast, and ten rows passed a given point, it shows that if only ten persons marched abreast, and ten rows passed the given point each tenth of a second, there must have been just three millions six hundred thousand per hour, or a grand total of exactly nine millions (9,000,000), not including the banner portraits of the candidate. In the face of figures like these criticism would be absurd. The mighty people are with us. Who-oop for Blarnaby!"

At last the meeting commenced. A straggling single file of badge-adorned committee-men filled the front row of chairs. Mr. Fotheringham was moved into the chair with the utmost formality, amid a

the chair with the utmost formality, amid a terrible confusion of noises from the brass band. His opening speech was practical

"Fellow citizens-You have come here to-"Fellow citizens—You have come here tonight to listen to abler speakers than I am.

'No, no.?] I am a worker ['good'], a
hewer of wood and a drawer of water
['whisky']—yes, and of whisky too, as our
friend there suggests, if necessary to build
up the good old cause. [Prolonged cheers.]
I am not going to detain you any longer,
for we have a long array of orators to listen
to, besides our beloved leader to sure and
certain victory—De Witt Maoboodle Blar—
(the rest was lost in tremendous cheering
and the full blast of the band, which lasted
five and a quarter minutes). I now have five and a quarter minutes). I now have the pleasure to present to you a gentleman, the only difference between us being that he preaches the best politics for Sunday, and I practice the best for weekdays. The Rev. Dr. Saywell." [Loud laughter and

Rev. Dr. Saywell." [Loud laughter and cheers.]

The portly figure of the reverend gentleman filled the eye of the audience. He soon waxed eloquent:

The influence of every public instructor should be exerted in the best interests of society. Society demands the whole-souled attention of every public man. There are some of my brethren who presume to criticise modern society and modern politics. They draw imaginary comparisons between the characters and conduct and dignity of the great men who founded our government a lumified years ago, and the smart gentlement some of whom I have the honor to see around me—who occupy the offices to-day.

around me—who occupy the offices to day. I have no patience with such comparisons. I regard such matters as too trivial for notice. We must view things that appear difficult with the eye of faith, especially when they concern a higher power—at Washington. Pariotism is not understood.

by everybody. Let us foin in singing this

pretty verse:

Blest is the man whose cup Success
Fills from the nation's store.
He does not like his country less,
But loves his Party more.
[Loud cheers.] The chairman now introduced the cele-brated Mrs. Dr. O'Clam, who adjusted her eyeglasses while the audience cheered. She eyeglasses wh said, in part:

"Ladies and gentlemen-I appear before you as a politician, a woman, and an O'Clam! [\*Don't be a clam,' and cheers.'] As a political worker I believe in my party; as a woman I believe in Mr. Blarnaby; and as a woman I believe in Mr. Blarnaby; and as an O'Clam I am prr-oud of my country!

['Which is it!'] I am prr-oud of DeWitt M. Blarnaby, too! [Tremendous cheers.] He does not limit patriotism to any one country. [Cheers.] He believe, and we all believe, in the greatest good of the greatest number (prologged amplause), and the number (prolonged applause), and the greatest number is number one! [Laughter.] Look what he did for the Polish ped-

ter it-make a woman your president, and then stupid old England, which is wise

enough to be ruled by a queen, will no longer go you one better in our boasted liberty—for one sex culy!" The sharp-featured orator, oratoress, or

oratrix, sat down amid a storm of applause

and merriment.

The chairman now announced that Mr.

Blobbe would favor the audience with one

of his brilliant orations. He was raptur-ously welcomed, and after carefully open-

ing out his voluminous type-written manu-

stimulate enthusiasm. He had been used

as stool-pigeon much too often to chafe at the rudest snub.

ICHABOD W. BLOBE

After the hand had exhausted its wind

the chairman arose and presented the hero of the occasion with a garland of laurel.

richly interwoven with gilt tassels and red.

man. my friends, and am proud of it. [Good, good!] And I can appeal to the people of this country on my claim of kinship as well as political sympathy. My grandfather was a Knickerbocker, who married a New Englander, my mother was a Tipperary girl and my father a Haghlander, and I was born right there in the old English quarter of New York City. [Ten minutes' franctic cheering.] If I am not a representative American citizen who is! [Laughter.] I worked my way from the forge to the cabinet. I know every link in the social chain. It has been my delight to present art galleries to my work people and clubs (a voice, 'to Pinkerton's men to hit 'em with,' noise and interruption'), and I have built clubs for their social recreation. I

with, noise and interruption), and I have built clubs for their social recreation. I need not remind this intelligent andience that there are bad times in every trade. Wages rise and fall by a law of nature ['trusts'] which must be submitted to. As a capitalist, my friends, I believe in 'big monopolies,' and laughter] conserving it in the interest of labor. [Cheers.] Capital is a shy bird, and if you strike at it too often you will frighten it away—['to enjoy itself a shy bird, and if you strike at it too often you will frighten it away—['to enjoy itself abroad']. What we want, we laborers and capitalists, is peace and prosperity. We live in a world of give and take, and if you'll give me your support in November I'll take care of your interests. [Loud applause.] And now, a word upon the political issue before us. We believe in a great country, the foremost in the universe. [Cheers.] Our resources are almost unlimited, but they need to be developed. More capital and

need to be developed. More capital and more labor must be thrown into the soil. Every hungry belly is a danger to the nation; every contented wage-earner is a pil-lar of the state. Politics comes down to this at last, and the party to which we be-long recognizes this great truth clearly, and number (prolonged applause), and the greatest number is number one! [Laughter.] Look what he did for the Polish peddlers—didn't he get them a free license to sell cotton suspenders at silk prices! [Cheers.] Hasn't he promised the Samoan refugees one office among every hundred who get naturalized in the first month! That's the kind of government we want, and only one other improvement would bet-

out quietly. Bharnaby and Blobbe among the first to go. Fotheringham was storming away in a fearful rage at a slim figure who trembled in expectation of a violent assault. This was not John Blacksmith. It was Fotheringham's dear friend Hiram I.

Dicker.

By-and-bye the enemy's flags were reduc-By and by the enemy's mags were recursed in number, but a strong phalanx of then, gathered in a prominent spot and delled dispersion. Then their war-song began to rise in jubilant tones, and as it was joined in by the scattered forces in every quarter its brisk music filled the place. They flung leadlets around one of which, we collect the leaflets around, one of which reached the box where Lady Ossulstone and friends surveyed the scene with no little aiarm. Hogg got hold of the paper, and calling them to the back of the box he read it with gusto, but could scarcely get through it for lanehing.

laughing.
"Here's diamond cut diamond! Trick-"Here's alamond cut diamond! Trick-sters foiled by tricksters. You have heard the professional politician expound his principlesr now listen to the professional laboe-champion preach his gospel."

DOWN WITH THE IDLE CAPITALIST! UP WITH HIS TOILING SLAVES!

What's the good of liberty

If it doesn't make you free
To strike the golden fetters off a boss!
For of wealth he's but the slave.
And our duty is to save
It's poor victims—so that we gain by their loss

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, The golden kind of Casnan is their soul.

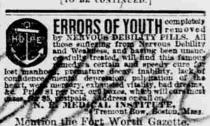
Where they Il grab the milk and honey
And the mountain heaps of money
Which old Dives from their lather Lazarus

What are brains and golds and lands Compared with horny hands? What's a flower, matched against its native

sod?
An architect's a fool
To the wielder of a tool
And the brickinger and carrier of the hod.

Strike, strike, strike, the boys are striking? Our demands no longer capital shall shirk, If the masters don't disgorge We'll help'em to, by George! And there shan't be any men to do the work.

Lady Ossulstone and her friends went bome just before the gas was suddenly put out, which turned the fighters into tamed seekers after the liberty to cultivate fraternity, equality, and beer. TO BE CONTINUED.







LADIES FAVORITE.

ALF ARE BELIABLE and perfectly SAPE. The process of the perfectly SAPE. The perfect of the pe

half a dozen of the badgers had hauled him behind the wings and everybody was stand-ing up shouting and shaking their fists. Another man with stentorian lungs started

meeting! I say we working men are constant tooled out of our money and our rights, and I say it's a damnation shame!"

By this time he too was collared from e-

by this time he too was collared from e-hind, and in the scrimmage he and one Lis captors were hurled over the balco v upon the heads of the excited crowd below. As if by magic there popped up a lot of barn ners all over the place, some with mottoes and some all red. You could here and there make out the words: "Down with Capital-istic Tyranny!" "Give the Laboring Man his Rights!" "To Hell with Monarchs, Monopolists and Millionaires!"

working man! [Cock-crowing and cheer.] These are my political principles, subject to modification by the ever-changing circumstances of the moment; but never, never will I falter in my allegiance to our great and glorious party and its leaders, of whom I am permitted to be the proud standard-beaver." Pearer."

There was less applause at the close than

at the beginning of the oration, but the addence was physically exhausted. It is pronounced to be a magnificent and stammar-like exposition of the party's programmer.

ing out his voluminous type-written manuscript, he began:

"I greet you, my beloved compatriots, with sentiments of deep-rooted regard. [Great applause.] In the few brief thoughts I have hastily jotted down during my drive to this meeting, I shall—"

A tremendous uproar here completely drowned the orator's voice. The sudden appearanc? of Blarnaby on the stage roused the audience to fever heat of excitement. Blobbe accepted the inevitable, and sat down with his sublimest effort smothered in its birth. He, at least, did not share the surprise of Lady Ossulstone that a gentleman of Blarnaby's eminence should condescend to the poor device of a late arrival to stimulate enthusiasm. He had been used when the orator took his seat one of the audience made his way to the front of the stage as if to speak. Several of the committee used every effort short of force to prevent him, whereupon there were loud cries of "Let him speak!" "Hear him," etc., raised all over the place. A word from Blarnaby secured the man a hearing which there was loud applause horenewed excitement. Stepping to the front he began: "Friends and fellow-citizens I Name

"Friends and fellow-citizens, ['Name, name!'] My name is John Blacksmith, and I'm an old hand in Mr. Blarnaby's old foundry. (At this everybody cheered delightedly, Blarnaby leading off.) Mr. Blarnaby is too modest a man to ell you all he has done for us. I tell you all—he has done for us the repeated with a curious done for us (he repeated, with a curious emphasis, at which the platform folks looked puzzled). He has given us gifts and lowered our wages; he cuts a shine as a swell and..." Before he could get another word out

an oration from the front seat in the bal-bony. He was heard to say: bony. He was heard to say:

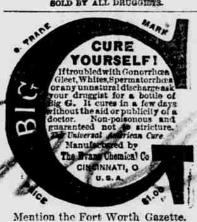
"He's a despot, a monopolist, a schemer;
there's no politics here; it's a money-grabbing game; they're all paid, or expect to be
paid, out of the plunder! Call this a public

Monopolists and Millionaires:

A smart battle sprang up around exploit these banners. It was seen to be a task of the enemy. Socialism and almost every other ism had got foothold in the camp.

Young Mothers!

MOTNER'S FRIEND " ror and Risk. Pain "Mother's Friend" repaid, on receipt of price, 1.30 per bottle. Book to bottors mailed free BHADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. BOLD BY ALL DRUGGETS.



CHAS. SCHEUBER & CO., richly interwoven with gilt tassels and red, white and blue satin bows, the offering of the committee:

"I present you, sir, with this token of our admiration of your many virtues and talents in anticipation of the glorious victory you are going to achieve. [Great cheering.] Mr. Blarnaby, my friend, is known to us too well to need any introduction from me, nor need I refer to his claims upon the gratitude of his country. As the employer Fort Worth, -WHOLES CE-AND CIGAR DEALERS me, nor need I refer to his claims upon the gratitude of his country. As the employer of some thousand of hands [a voice: 'bodies and mind']—thank you, that's what I intended to say—he has given vast sums voluntarily in philanthrepic efforts to improve their condition. [How about reduced wages?] He has spent his brains, time, and money [In glorifying himself'] to promote the industries by which you live, and he is now developing a plan by which the country at large will be the gainer. Where will you find a candidate with anything like the solid claims which Mr. Blarnaby has?—claims which will carry him to victory. and Bottlers of Phil Best's Milwankee Beer Mention the Fort Worth Gazette. SPECIAL We carry the famous Hallet & Da



